She will a handmaid be to his deſires,
A louing Nurſe, a Mother to his youth.
Sat. Aſcend faire Queene, Panthean Lords, accompany
Your noble Emperour and his louely Bride,
Sent by the heauens for Prince *Saturnine*,
Whoſe wiſdome hath her Fortune conquered,
There ſhall we conſummate our ſpouſall rites.
Exeunt omnes.
Titus. I am not bid to waite vpon this Bride,
Titus when wert thou wont to walke alone,
Diſhonoured thus and challenged of wrongs?
Enter Marcus and Titus ſonnes.
Marcus. O *Titus* ſee! O ſee what thou haſt done!
In a bad quarrell ſlaine a vertuous ſonne.
Titus. No fooliſh Tribune, no: No ſonne of mine,
Nor thou, nor theſe, confederates in the deede,
That hath diſhonoured all our Family,
Vnworthy brother, and vnworthy ſonnes.
Lucius. But let vs giue him buriall as becomes:
Giue *Mutius* buriall with our bretheren.
Titus. Traytors away, he reſts not in this tombe:
This monument fiue hundreth yeares hath ſtood,
Which I haue ſumptuouſly reedified:
Heere none but Souldiers and Romes Seruitors,
Repoſe in fame: None baſely ſlaine in braules,
Bury him where you can he comes not heere.
Marcus. My Lord this is impiety in you,
My Nephew *Mutius* deeds do plead for him,
He muſt be buried with his bretheren.
Titus two ſonnes ſpeakes.
And ſhall, or him we will accompany.
Titus. And ſhall! What villaine was it ſpake that word?
Titus ſonne ſpeakes:
He that would vouch it in any place but heere.

Titus.

Titus What would you bury
Marcus. No noble *Titus* but i
To pardon *Mutius*, and to bury
Titus. Marcus, Euen thou ha
And with theſe boyes mine hono
My foes I doe repute you euery o
So trouble me no more, but get y
3. *Sonne.* He is not with himſe
2 *Sonne.* Not I till *Mutius* bo
The brother and the ſo
Marcus. Brother, for in that
2. *Sonne.* Father, and in that n
Titus. Speake thou no more i
Mar. Renowned *Titus* more
Lutius. Deare Father, ſoule an
Marc. Suffer thy brother *M*
His noble nephew heere in vert
That died in honour and *Lauini*
Thou art a Romaine be not barb
The Greekes vpon aduiſe did bu
That ſlew himſelfe: and wiſe *La*
Did graciouſly plead for his Fu
Let not young *Mutius* then that
Be bard his entrance heere.
Titus. Riſe *Marcus*, riſe,
The diſmalſt day is this that ere
To be diſhonored by my ſonnes
Well bury him, and bury me the
They put him in th
Lucius, There lie thy bones ſwe
Till we with Trophees do adorn
They all kneele and
No man ſhed teares for noble *M*
He liues in fame that dide in vert

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